Genevieve M. Simpson
Mandan -
N. Dak -

Seven Songs

as unpretentious
as the Wild Rose

Carrie Jacobs-Bond

Published at
THE BOND SHOP
by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND & SON
INCORPORATED
FINE ARTS BUILDING
CHICAGO

High
*Low

PRICE $1.25

1962

Iron River Seeks to Save Carrie Jacobs Bond Home

IRON RIVER, Mich., May 24. —The white frame house once occupied by the late Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of such songs as "I Love You Truly," and "A Perfect Day," is for sale.

Folks in this Upper Peninsula mining town are dismayed by the possibility that the house at 530 Adams west, just off highway US-2, may be torn down for a filling station or some other commercial use.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND

$12,500 SOUGHT

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In her autobiography, Mrs. Bond said the "seven happiest years of my life were spent in Iron River, Michigan."

She wrote more than 300 songs, most of them after her physician husband died in 1895 and she moved to Chicago, but it was here that the first of the melodies and verses were born.

Her "A Perfect Day," also known popularly as "The End of a Perfect Day," sold more than 8,000,000 copies.

ATTRACTS TOURISTS

She died in 1946 at the age of 84.

"Next to the iron mines, the Bond home is regarded as our leading tourist attraction," said editor Moore.

"Along with preserving her intimacy with it, the house would make an admirable memorial center, a local history museum, a library or a clubhouse."

OWNER MOVING

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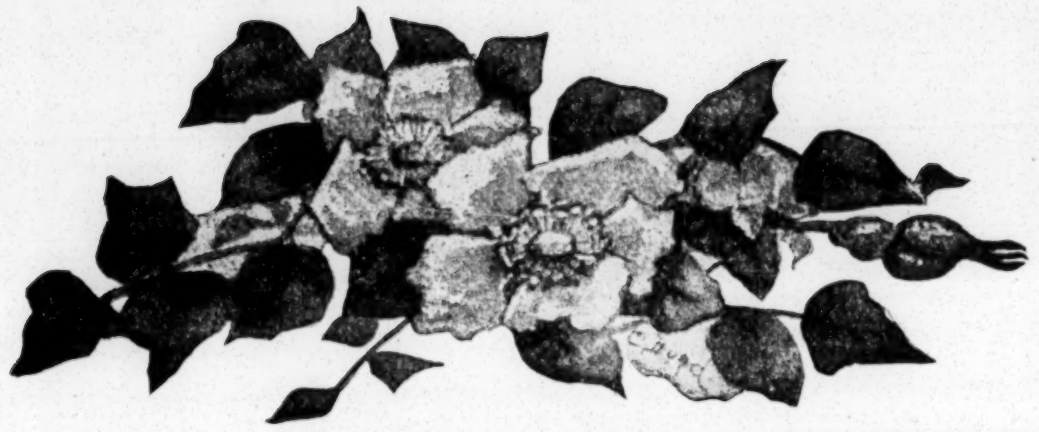
JULES F WEGMAN 1900



· Parting ·
· Shadows ·
· Just · Aweary in' · For · You ·
· I · Love · You · Truly ·
· De · Las' · Long · Res' ·
· Still · Unexprest ·
· "Yes · Hold · My · Hands „ ·

To F.E.H.

SHADOWS.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Andante sostenuto.

pp *rall.* *a tempo.*

p

Once more I sit at eve-ning And watch the em-bers burn, The
oft we watched the em-bers And said, "how bright they glow!" And

pp

poco rit. *a tempo.*

shad-ows all come creeping A-round me as I turn. And
then how fast the hours went, But now, a-las! how slow. The

poco rit. *a tempo.*

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cres - - cen - - do. *f* *rall.*

then I see a sweet face From which all care is gone, That
days are all too, long, dear The nights are long - er still; But

cres - - cen - - do. *f* *rall.*

p *a tempo.* *rall.* 1 *a tempo.*

starts my soul to dreaming Of old times, love and song. How
I would not re - call you My long - ing heart to

p *a tempo.* *rall.* *a tempo.*

2 *a tempo.* *pp*

fill. I know you're way off yon-der, But still you seem with me, And

8

a tempo. *pp*

poco rit. a tempo.

in the eve -ning shad-ows Your form I al - most see. I

poco rit. a tempo.

cres - - cen - - do. f rall.

al - most hear you whis - per These words, "I love but you, And

cres - - cen - - do. f rall.

p a tempo. rall.

soon we'll be u - ni - ted, Sweetheart, be brave, be true."

p a tempo. rall. a tempo. pp

rall. ppp

To E.L.P.

PARTING.

Words by
WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto sostenuto.

p

p

The light of the morn is breaking A - cross the dis - tant

sea,..... But the beau - ty is lost in sad - ness,.... Sweet

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love,when I think of thee. Would it were dark and drear - y, A

mist a - cross the brine, And I were stand - ing

rall. *a tempo.*

rall. *a tempo.*

near thee, With thy dear hand in mine.

ad lib.

colla voce.

morendo.

20 8

ppp

To F. B.

JUST A-WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

(Alto.)

Words by
FRANK STANTON.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

p

1. Just a-wear-y-in' for you, All the time a-feel-in' blue,
3. Eve-nin' comes, I miss you more When the dark gloom's round the door,

Wish-in' for you wond'-rin' when You'll be com-in' home a-gain. Rest-less, don't know
Seems just like you or-ter be There to o-pen it for me. Latch goes tink-lin',

what to do, Just a-wear-y-in' for you.
thrills me through, Sets me wear-y-in' for you.

Fine.

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2. Morn - - in' comes, the birds a - wake,

Used to sing so for your sake But there's sad-ness

in the notes That comes trill - in' from their throats. Seem to feel your

ab-sence,too, Just a-wear-y - in' for you.

D.S. al Fine.

To J. K.

DE LAS' LONG RES'.

Words by
PAUL LAURANCE DUNBAR.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

p

Lay me down be-nea' de wil - lows in de grass, Whah de breeze'll be a singin' as it pass, An' when I'se ly - in' low, I kin
Lay me nigh to whah it makes a lit - tle pool, An' de wa-tah stan's so qui-et like an' cool, Whah de lit-tle birds in spring Ust to
Let me set - tle when my shoul-ders drop de load, Nigh e-nough to hear de noises in de road, Foh I tink dat las' long res' Gwine to

p

p

dim e rall.

pp

hear it as it go Sing-in', "sleep mah hon - ey, take y'r res' at las'."
come an' drink an' sing, An' de chil - luns waded on der way ter school.
suit my spir - it bes' If I'se ly - in' 'mong de tings I al - ways know'd.

dim. e rall.

pp

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I LOVE YOU TRULY.

(Alto.)

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante con amore.

p

I love you tru - ly, tru - ly,
Ah love, 'tis some-thing to feel your kind

p legato

p sempre legato

dear, Life with its sor - row, life with its tear, Fades in - to
hand, Ah yes, 'tis some-thing by your side to stand; Gone is the

dreams when I feel you are near, For I love you tru-ly, tru - ly, dear.
sor - row, Gone doubt and fear, For you love me tru-ly, tru - ly, dear.

rall.

rall.

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To H. D. P.

STILL UNEXPREST.

(Alto.)

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto agitato.

p

p

Ah! 'tis but a dain - ty flow'r I bring to
Ah! 'tis but a fad - ed flow'r Kept thro' the

p

you; Yes, 'tis but a vi - o - let
years; Yes, 'tis but a vi - o - let

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glist - 'ning with dew. ___
wet with my tears. ___
But deep in its
Yet deep in my

heart there lie,
heart of hearts,
Beau - ties con - cealed, ___
Tru - est and best, ___

So, too, in my heart of hearts,
There lives my love for you
rall.
Love un - re -
Still un - ex -
rall.

a tempo
vealed. ___
prest. ___

a tempo
morendo
ppp
Ped.
*

Dedicated to little John Huntington
and his grandmother.

DES HOLD MY HANDS TONIGHT.

(Alto.)

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Tranquilly.

p molto legato

p

Some lit - tle child - ren hear a song
Oh, lit - tle hands so soft and white,

rit.

p

that moth-er sweet - ly sings ____
your mem-o - ry I keep ____

When they are tired and
Could I but live that

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bed - time comes, What joy and peace it brings
time a - gain, To lay you down to sleep

mp

And some sweet child - ren take their dolls to hold so snug and
This lone-ly life that I have led would all seem gay and

mp

poco rit. *p*

tight But my own dear - ie al - ways said,
bright If I could on - ly hear you say,

poco rit. *p*

rall.

"Des hold my hands to - night."
"Des hold my hands to - -night."

rall. *a tempo* *pp*

"Art, at the last, is a matter of heart, not head; and this fact was brought home to me strongly a few weeks ago on hearing Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Here is a woman who writes poems, sets them to music and sings them in a manner that reveals the very acme of art. Her performance is all so gentle, spontaneous and unaffected that you think you could do the same yourself-simple, pattering little child-songs, set to tunes that sing themselves. But in some way they search out the corners of your soul, and make you think of the robin that used to sing at sunset, calling to his lost mate from the top of a tall poplar in the days of long ago. As a reader and a singer Carrie Jacobs-Bond is as subdued as a landscape by Monet, and as true and effective as a sketch by De Moville."— Elbert Hubbard.

Two Hard Days For Mother.

"There's just two days that I don't like,"
Said Mother Bates to me—
"The Circus Day and July Fourth,
They're hard as they can be.
But when they both come in one week,
It's just a cryin' sin
To watch the four boys that I've got,
An' try to keep 'em in.

Now, I don't mean all day, you know—
But long enough for me
To get 'em lookin' nice an' clean
An' fit for folks to see.
An' long enough for me to say,
"Now boys, don't you forget
(Not even if you haven't seen
The entire Circus yet)

"Come home, for dinner'll taste good
An' you can go again
An' see the rest this afternoon—
That Circus'll remain."
But do you think I see a boy
Until the sun is set?
No, not a boy from Bob to Jim,
They're 'round that Circus yet.

But if the Circus ended there
I wouldn't care so much,
The Circus now has just begun—
I get the final touch—
For every strap that's in our barn
An' every bit of clothes
That's got a button made of brass
Out in the wood-shed goes.

An' we've a Circus here at home
About a week or two
Until my old head nearly busts
An' somethin' comes that's new.
This year the Circus didn't last,
The Fourth come in next day,
An' I just thought them boys would die
A workin' hard that way.

At four o'clock they all got up
An' each one fired the gun,
An' every livin' thing, I guess,
Around that farm-yard run
'Cept Pa and me—we'd clean forgot
That July Fourth was near—
So, night before, we went to bed
Without a doubt or fear,

An' thinkin' what a blessin' that
The Circus come and went
Without a broken arm or two,
An' we was plumb content
When, goodness me! That gun was fired
An' I thought, "One day more!
Will all my boys be here to-night,
Or on the other shore?

"Or will they turn from white to black
By blowin' in the gun?
Or find that one eye is enough
To see the July fun?
Or just find out one hand will do
For helpin' on the farm?"
Well—all day long I prayed the Lord
To keep them boys from harm.

But by an' by—the end it came,
An' Bob was carried in;
His shirt-sleeve torn to smithereens,
A bullet in his chin.
But Doctor said, "Oh, he's all right:
For sure we'll pull him thro'."
An', Mother-like, I kissed that boy,
As Mothers always do.

An' I forgive him everything
He'd done since he was born,
An' hurried up to make him feel
He wasn't as forlorn
As though he'd blowed his head clean off—
(That's what I thought he'd do)
But honest, how I loved that boy,
Just loved him thru and thru.

Them other three came walkin' in
Just like a funeral band,
An' all their faces pale as death
An' tremblin' every hand,
An' all o' 'em they looked at me
Thru tears a fallin' fast—
Till finally I had to say,
"Thank God, this Fourth is past!"

The Path o' Life.

I have a little tale to tell
(And hope 'twill do some good).
It's 'bout a couple of young folks
A-wa lkin' through a wood.
They started off about noon time,
Some fifteen years ago,
To take a journey just because
They didn't exactly know
Its length or hardships would be much,
They loved each other so.

About the time these two set off
Another pair set out;
The same Church-door they left behind
Their hearts all strong and stout.
They all walked down the "Path o' Life,'
And then 'twas clear and bright,
And looked as though for miles to come
'Twould all be straight and right.

Of course this weddin' day (I guess)
Was near the first o' June,
The time o' day—again I say
Came pretty nigh to noon.
And if you take life in its Spring
And just about midway,
This world is bound to look real good
And things look bright and gay.

That's just the time for weddin's, when
The birds are singin' sweet,
And the violets are comin' up
To kiss the fern leaf's feet—
But, enough about the weather
And the flowers a-bloomin' gay,
I must tell you 'bout my two pair
Startin' off this weddin' day.

That "Path o' Life" looked pretty smooth
About a year or two
And then the weeds began to come
Where once the sweet flow'rs grew.
One pair o' them walked hand in hand
Altho' the path grew rough;
He helped her over all the stones
And she called LOVE enough.

The other two? Well, I must tell
Their hands loosed on the way,
And their paths widened as they walked
And clouds came every day,
And all because they didn't know
That burdens shared by two
Will always lighten fully half
If hearts are strong and true.

And so my two pair wandered on—
On thro' the "Path o' Life";
One pair caught all the sunshine,
So God called them "man and wife".
My other pair are lost to sight,
Their forms no more I see,
Lost somewhere on the "Path o' Life",
For they could not agree.

When stones were rough, she would complain
And, answerin', he would say,
"Just come along now, Mary Ann,
You helped to make the day
When we this journey undertook;
I've done the best I could;
Come, hurry up and catch me now,
It's dark here in this wood."

And so she wanders on alone;
He thinks he's bein' kind;
But by and by he finds, alas!
That Mary's far behind.
And then he wonders where she is,
And what she's doin' now;
And as he thinks how they have walked,
A frown comes on his brow.

And then he wonders how it is
This world for him is cold.
And lightnin'-like a thought comes in—
Why, he is growin' old;
And that smooth path he once called "life'
All full o' briers has grown,
And that companion he called "wife"
Is lost and he's alone.

I guess a moral is a thing
That you don't need just now,
But I would like to say a word
To smooth each wrinkled brow.
Just grasp the hand that's in your path—
Sometimes the path is long —
And life is sweeter when you have
Companions, with a song.
Kind words smooth all the ' Path o' Life"
And smiles make burdens light,
But uncomplainin' friends can make
A day-time out o' night.

Talkin' About Little Things.

You say I see the little things
  Well yes, I guess I do.
For big things seldom come along
  To folks like me, that's true,
And little things are all I have
  To come and help me thru
This world o' trvin' to get on
  With comforts small and few.

A talkin' about little things—
  Now, there's a baby's smile—
Do you suppose a millionaire
  Could have that for a while
And love it and forget it
  In the hum and buzz o' style,
And ever feel the same again
  Without that baby's smile?

Still talkin' about little things,
  Now there's a baby tear—
Who ever saw the quiverin' lid
  With baby pain or fear,
Give out its little message
  And not feel their hearts go near
To comfort and caress it
  And to wipe away the tear?

The very smallest o' small things
  Amounts to lots in life
And folks could find a heap o' help
  To carry 'em thru' strife,
If they would only look along
  Just where they're walkin' now,
Instead o' lookin' way ahead
  An' furrowin' their brow—

'Cause what you look for way ahead
  Sometimes you never find,
Its only what you've got in sight
  Or what you've left behind,
That ever does you any good
  (By livin' I know this)
But seein' small things as you go
  You very little miss

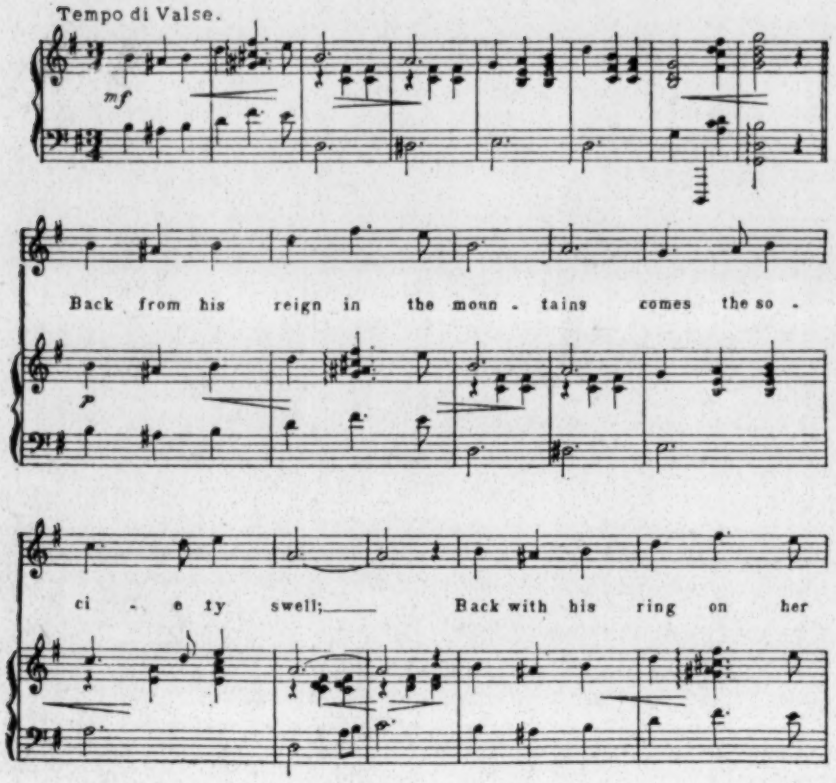
Take anything that you can't buy
  And try it for a while
Course what you get for nothin'
  Don't seem worth a tear or smile
But by and by you will be seein'
  Somethin' come along
That just grew out o' nothin'
  An' grew mighty big and strong

Now, here's a lingo told you
  By beginnin' with a smile—
An' talkin' 'bout a baby
  Precious little for a while.
But you know that baby's growin'
  An' he soon'll be a man
And you know its truth I'm tellin'
  Look and find it—'cause you can.

To Geo. F. O'Connell.

After Vacation.

Words by Mc LANBERG WILSON. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Tempo di Valse.

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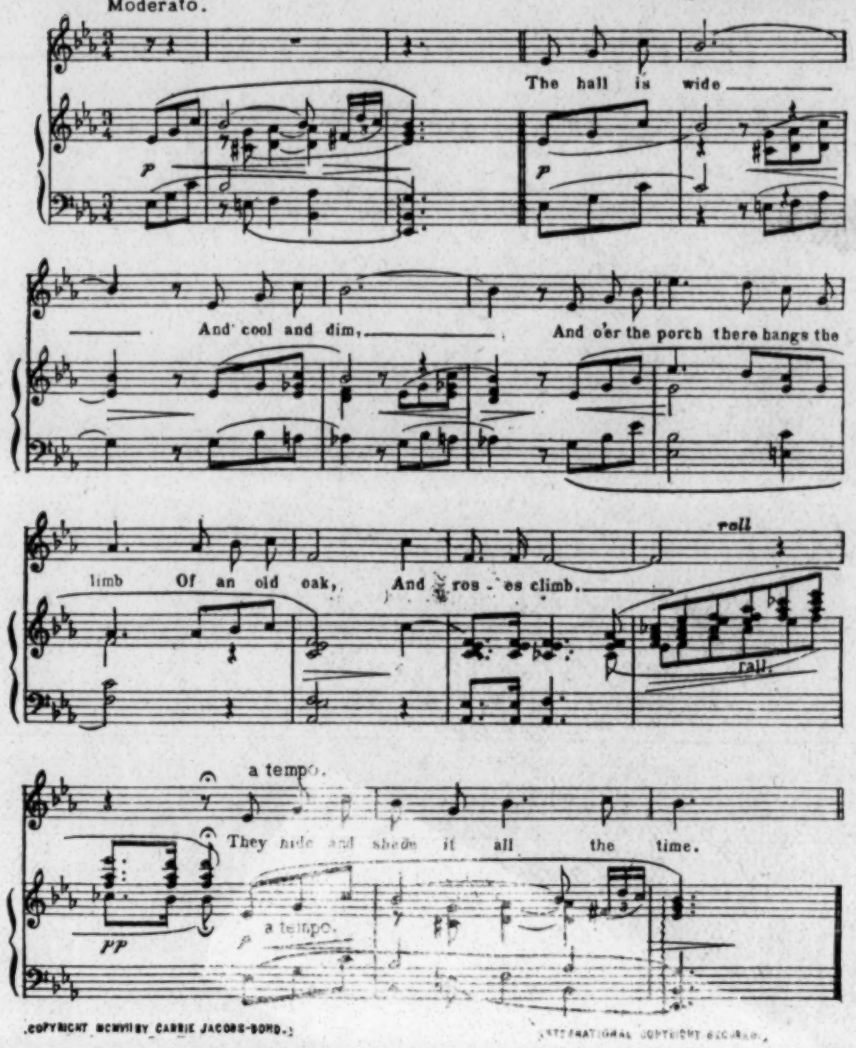
To Mrs. Jean.

THE LURE.

Poem from Houston Post. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

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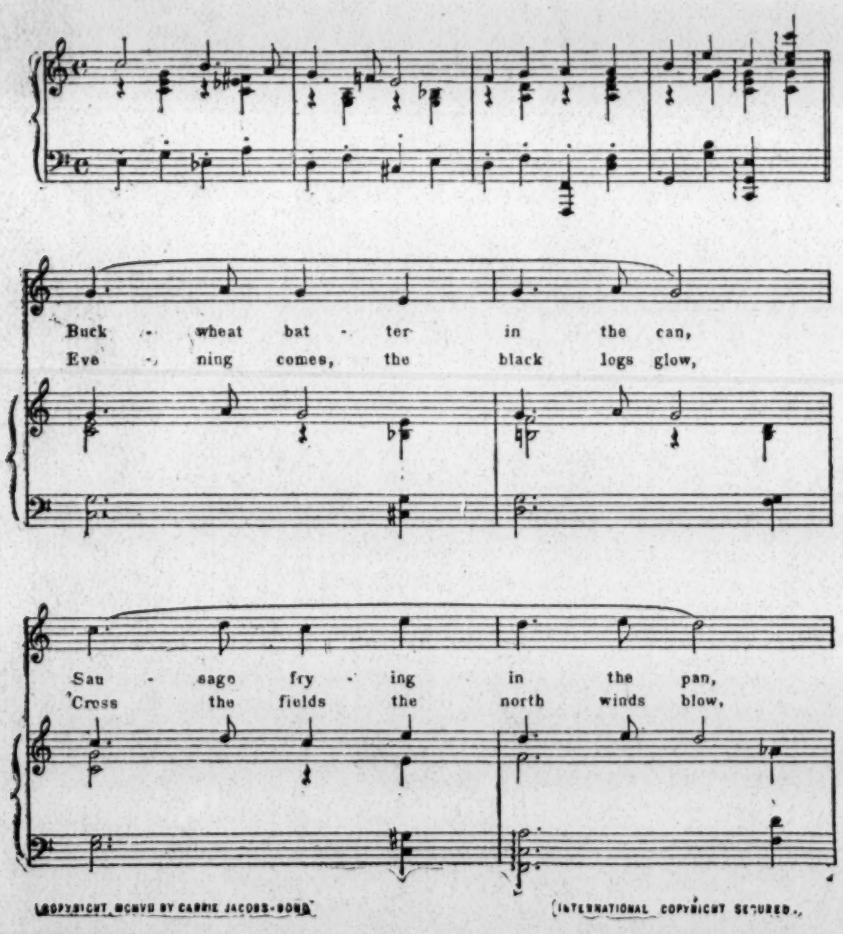
To Fred and Louise.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Poem from New York Sun. Music by CARRIE JACOBS BOND

Buck - wheat bat - ter in the can,
Eve - ning comes, the black logs glow,
Sau - sage fry - ing in the pan,
'Cross the fields the north winds blow,

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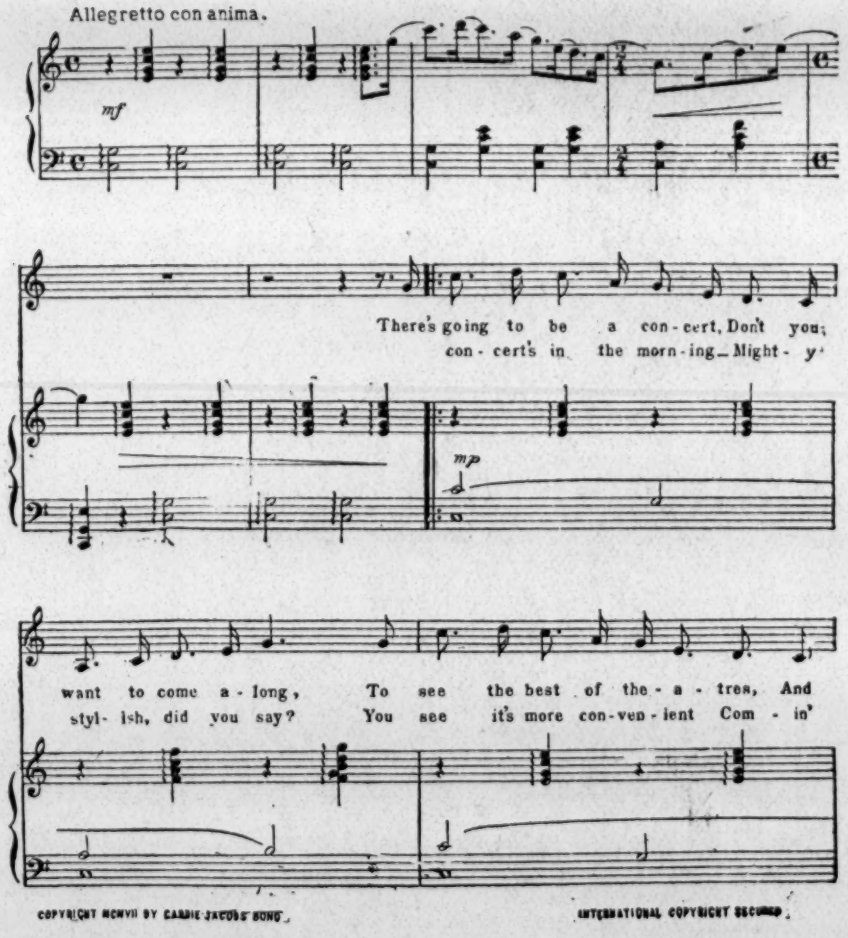
To Mrs. Marie Picard.

THE FREE-CONCERT.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto con anima.

mf
There's going to be a con - cert, Don't you;
con - cert's in the morn - ing. Might - y
mp
want to come a - long, To see the best of the - a - tres, And
styl - ish, did you say? You see it's more con - ven - ient Com - in'

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Above songs from new booklet entitled

"Nine Songs"

by Carrie Jacobs-Bond

At all dealers.